

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 4 8th MARCH 1969

PRICE 1/3



This beautiful picture of two happy carefree children was painted by the world-famous artist Sir Thomas Lawrence.
(Reproduced from the print published by Pall Mall Gallery Ltd., London, W.1.)

CINDERELLA and the Glass Slipper



1. All alone in the Great Hall of her home sat Cinderella gazing sadly into the fire, as so often she had sat in the past. Because she was always sitting among the cinders she was called Cinderella. But she had never been so sad before, for this was the night of the Royal Ball and she was not going.



2. She had been invited, just as every unmarried girl in the kingdom had been invited. You see, the King had said that his son the Prince would choose a bride from all the girls at the ball. Suddenly, somebody knocked at the door. It was Cinderella's fairy godmother.



3. Cinderella opened the door and her eyes opened wide as she saw an old lady dressed all in green. She smiled and her smile was the kindest Cinderella had ever seen. "Who are you?" she asked wonderingly. "Your fairy godmother," replied the newcomer. "I thought perhaps you needed me."



4. Cinderella was astonished. Although she had heard many times from her father that her fairy godmother had come to her christening, she had never been seen or heard of since. Cinderella brought her some bread and a jug of cool milk. "You look cold and hungry," said Cinderella.



5. "You are always thinking of other people, Cinderella," said the fairy godmother, "and yet nobody troubles to make sure you are happy. That is why I am here tonight. Now watch this. *Abra-cadabra! Hey presto!*" And as she spoke she waved her wand and at once a big red chest appeared.



6. "Your cruel stepmother has told you that you cannot go to the ball tonight because you have no ball dress," went on the godmother. "Now open that chest." Cinderella did so and there, to her great surprise, was a splendid ball dress of silk and satin. "It's yours," said her fairy godmother.



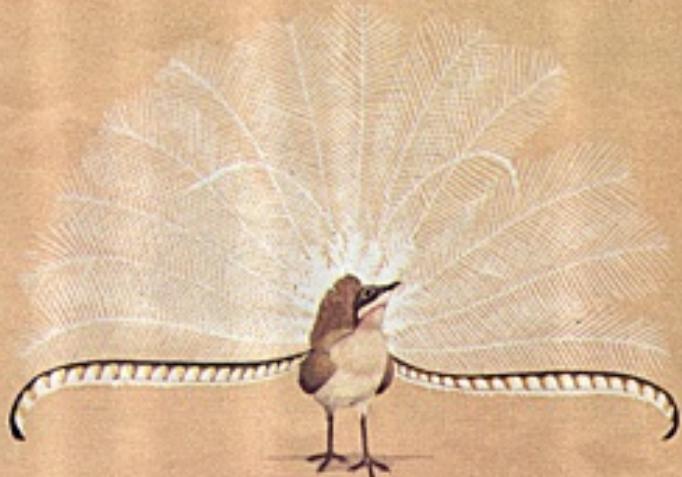
7. Cinderella did not know what to say. "Why? But why?" she managed to say at last. "Because all your life you have been kind and thoughtful," replied her fairy godmother. Cinderella put on the beautiful gown. It just fitted. "But what about my shoes?" laughed Cinderella.



8. Swiftly the fairy godmother turned and waved her wand again. "*Cadabra! Hey presto!*" she said as she touched the bread and milk on the table beside her. At once they turned into two slippers of the purest crystal. Cinderella rubbed her eyes. This all seemed too good to be true.



These are very tiny humming birds which dart here and there among the forests of South and Central America. There are at least five hundred different types of these fairy-like creatures which spend their days flitting from flower to flower like bees. Actually they are not much larger than bumble bees.



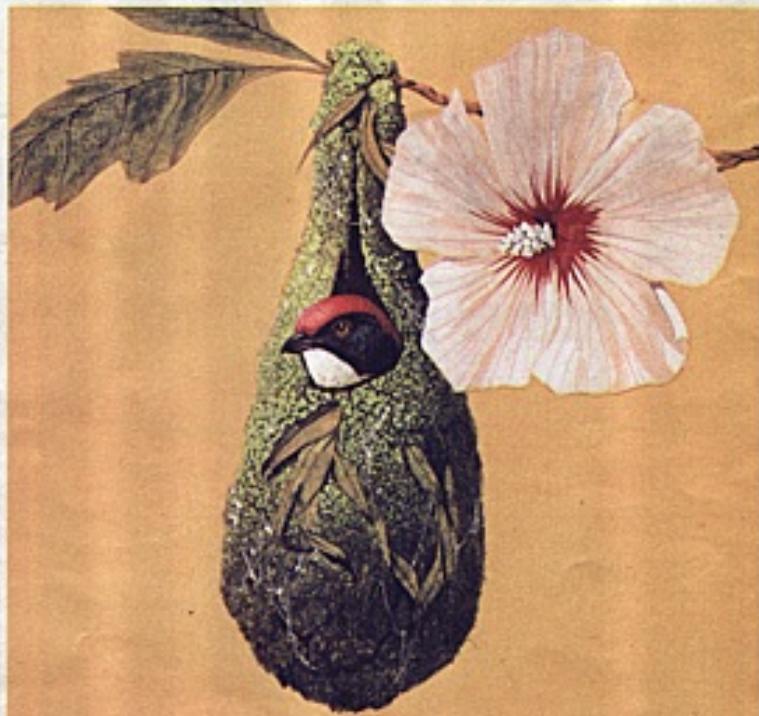
Here is the lyre-bird of New South Wales in Australia which is the largest of all song birds. It has the curious habit of kicking up the soil into a little hillock on which it dances, whistles and imitates other birds and beasts. Its beautiful tail looks like an ancient musical instrument called a lyre.

There are so many beautiful tropical birds that it would take pages and pages to tell you all about them. So here are some of the most famous of them.



Here are some flamingoes which can be found in places as far apart as India and America. They are very shy and watchful birds which always feed together. While they are together, some of the birds always stand guard, ready to warn their companions if an enemy approaches.

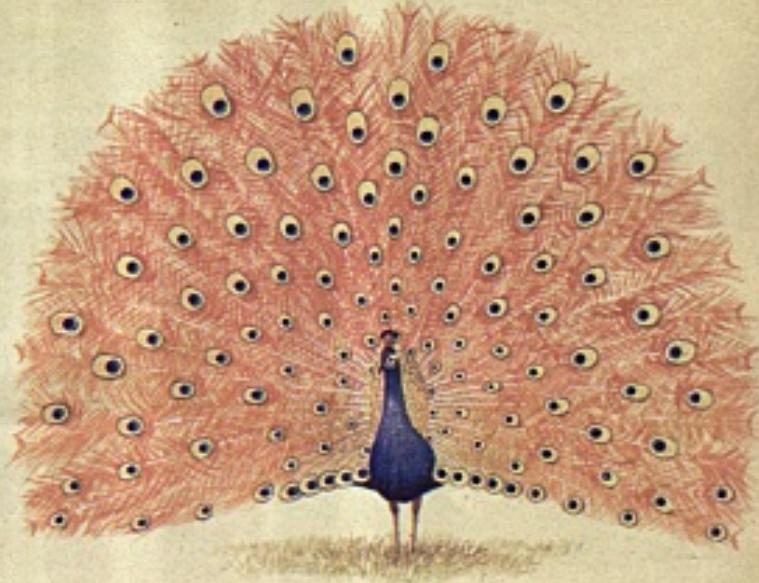
ALL SORTS



Here is a bird called a flower-pecker which is found in India and Australia. These dear little birds love water and small flocks of them can often be seen among the trees by a nearby stream or river. Flower-peckers make dainty little nests which they decorate with scraps of moss and grass.



The Bird of Paradise is found mostly in the Eastern country of New Guinea. There are many kinds of Birds of Paradise. All of them are very beautiful with their different coloured plumes. These plumes can be raised so that the birds are covered in a cascade of glittering feathers.

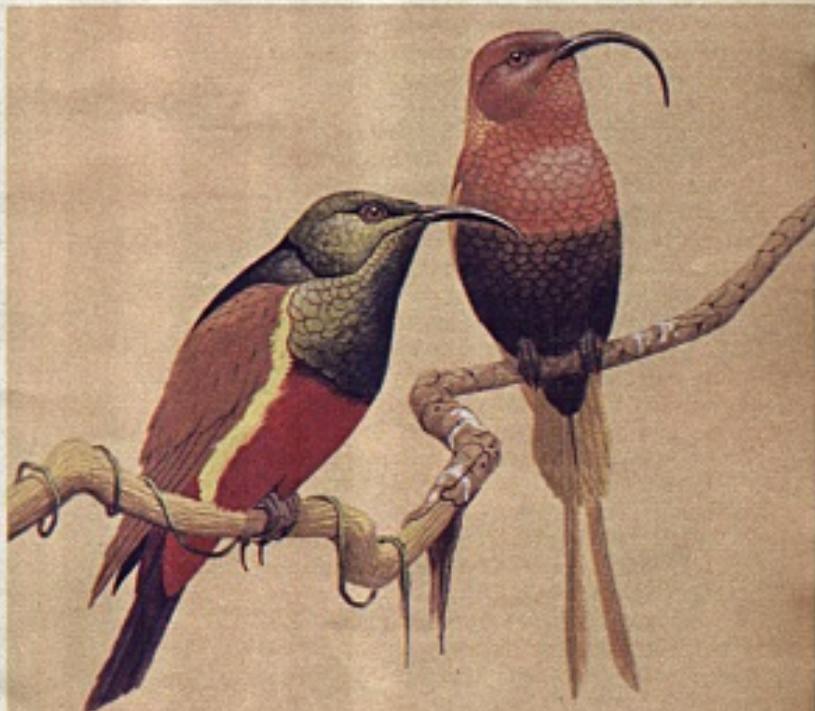


Although we can see peacocks in Europe, they first came from India, where they still live in the forests. The voice of the peacock does not match the beauty of its plumage because the only sound it can make is a shrill, ugly cry. This peacock is showing its magnificent plumage for you.

OF TROPICAL BIRDS



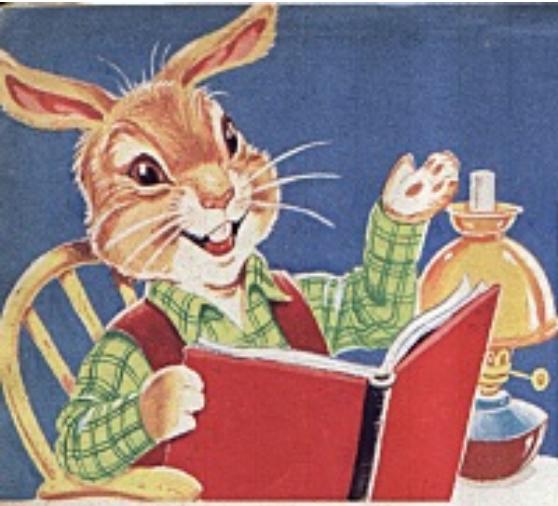
Another lovely bird is the bower bird of Australia and New Guinea. In the springtime a bower bird builds a little summer house. The ground in front of the nest is cleared by the bird, which then decorates the little garden it has made for itself with leaves and bright berries.



Here is the last of our tropical birds. The two shown in our picture are sun birds, so-called because they love the burning rays of the noon-day sun where sun-birds live. They usually go about in pairs, and they feed, as humming birds do, on the nectar from flowers.

BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit talks his way out.



NOW once upon a time our little chum Brer Rabbit found himself in a real fix — my goodness, he did.

It all happened this way. You see, Brer Rabbit had been on one of his visits to Mr. Man's house.

Now I wonder if you remember when Brer Rabbit likes to make his visits?

He likes to make his visits when the people he is visiting aren't at home.

So naughty Brer Rabbit had waited in the bushes outside Mr. Man's house, until he had seen Mr. Man and all his family going out and then Brer Rabbit had said to himself, he said, "I think it is time for me to make one of my visits."

So Brer Rabbit kicked up his heels and skipped in through the window of Mr. Man's house.

Well, Brer Rabbit poked around, but the most interesting thing he could find, was an old picture story book.

So Brer Rabbit said to himself "I will just borrow this book to read in bed tonight and bring it back tomorrow and Mr. Man will never notice that it has gone. And even if he does notice, he won't know who took it — heh-heh!"

Wasn't that a naughty way to behave? You are never as naughty as Brer Rabbit, are you?

Anyway, a little while later Brer Rabbit was trotting along the lane towards his home, and as he went along, he was popping his nose into the book to look at the pictures, which he thought were mighty interesting.

Because of all this nose-popping Brer Rabbit didn't notice that he was walking rather close to Brer Fox's house.

But Brer Fox noticed.

As Brer Rabbit trotted past Brer Fox's door, Brer Fox threw an arm round Brer Rabbit's shoulders and pulled him into the parlour.

"Why, hallo there, Brer Rabbit," smiled Brer Fox, "Come in. Come in. Seeing you makes me think of supper."

"Hmmm! And I know what supper you mean," thought Brer Rabbit to himself, "You mean rabbit stew supper, that's what you mean."

And, of course, Brer Rabbit was right.

Brer Fox and Brer Wolf and Brer Bear and most of the other animals loved rabbit stew and Brer Rabbit had to keep his wits about him to keep himself out of the cooking pot.

It certainly was lucky that Brer Rabbit was a very quick-witted little chap.

So Brer Rabbit smiled at Brer Fox as if he hadn't a care in the world and said to Brer Fox:

"Well old friend, before you start all the hard work of getting supper, let me give you a treat by reading to you one of the best stories that have ever gone into your furry old ears."

And even though Brer Fox had his tongue hanging out for a lick of rabbit stew, he couldn't stop his ears from twitching at the thought of hearing a good story. For everyone loves being read to, as you know.

"Very well then, Brer Rabbit. You can read to me for a little while if you want to," he said.

"Good! Good!" smiled Brer Rabbit, "but don't sit on that hard chair, Brer Fox. Sit in your softest comfiest chair. All stories sound better if you are sitting comfortably."

And Brer Rabbit was right, wasn't he?

So Brer Rabbit settled Brer Fox in a lovely comfy chair and put a cushion behind his head and started to read from the book that belonged to Mr. Man.



"Once upon a time there was a jolly, plump farmer called Farmer Roundtum," said Brer Rabbit, "Look, you can see him in the picture here, Brer Fox." And he showed Brer Fox the picture you can see of Farmer Roundtum in a field with two of his grandchildren.

"Now, Farmer Roundtum had lots of grandchildren," went on Brer Rabbit. "Here he is kissing his youngest grand-daughter."

"So he is," said Brer Fox, "and there's his dog too. I don't like farm-dogs, they're always chasing me."

"Well, now, as you know," read on Brer Rabbit, "all farmers like sunshine in August, because then their wheat ripens nicely and it can be cut and stored without being spoiled."

"So one day early in the year Farmer Roundtum gathered his grandchildren together and said to them, 'I want you to do your best to help me to get sunshine this August. So every time you hear the wind whistling by, please say, 'Blow now! Blow now! But not in August, not in August.' And every time you see the rain falling say, 'Rain now! Rain now! But not in August not in August.'"

"So all through the year, when the wind blew and the rain was falling the grandchildren kept chanting under their umbrella:

'Blow now! Blow now! But not in August, not in August! Rain now! Rain now! But not in August! Not in August!'

"Sometimes when the wind would roar around them the children thought they could see him in the sky. (Can you see him in the picture on this page?)

Brer Rabbit kept on saying 'Blow now! Blow now! But not in August, not in August! Rain now! Rain now! But not in August, not in August!'

And of course, as Brer Rabbit knew would happen, saying the same thing over and over again made Brer Fox feel mighty sleepy.

And, as Brer Rabbit had known as well, sitting in a comfy chair made Brer Fox feel even sleepier and in fact in a little while he went to sleep.

So Brer Rabbit took Mr. Man's book, tiptoed out of the house and scampered safely home.

He finished the story in bed that night and read that Farmer Roundtum *did* get his sunshine in August. Next day Brer Rabbit took the book back to Mr. Man's house and that was the end of that little adventure.



Wasn't that a lovely story? Next week there will be another merry tale of Brer Rabbit.

TWELVE KINDS OF "HE AND SHE"



MOTHER AND FATHER.



BOY AND GIRL.



GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER.



KING AND QUEEN.



EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS.



COUNT AND COUNTESS.



MONK AND NUN.



ACTOR AND ACTRESS.



WAITER AND WAITRESS.



SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS.



MERMAN AND MERMAID.

Counting fun with Robinson Crusoe

You probably think that the famous book "Robinson Crusoe" is just a story made up by Daniel Defoe, the man who wrote it. But there was a real-life "Robinson Crusoe." His name was Alexander Selkirk and he lived 260 years ago. He was stranded on a lovely island for four years before he was rescued. Now have some counting fun. The answers are below.



A. Robinson has landed two crates of food. Now he is bringing ashore three more. How many crates can you see altogether?



B. In this picture you can see Robinson's herd of goats. How many goats are there?



C. Sometimes Robinson likes to sit and watch the pretty parrots. How many parrots can you see?



D. Robinson has a family of cats. There are Daddy and Mummy Puss-cat and their kittens. How many kittens are there?



E. Some savages come to Robinson's island one day. How many savages are dancing round the fire?



F. Hooray! A ship has arrived and Robinson is saved. How many sailors can you see?

Answers: A = 5, B = 7, C = 7, D = 4, E = 8, F = 6.

This story is a memory test. After you have read it carefully, turn to page 16. There you will find four questions. Can you answer the questions without looking at the story again?

A VERY HAPPY

ONCE upon a time, there was a young man named Jeremy Jones.

He lived with his mother and father, who was a very rich man.

Mr. Jones was a kind and happy man. He owned lots of fields and cottages. The people who lived in the cottages worked for him. They ploughed the fields, dug the ditches, fed and took care of the animals.

Jeremy was a merry young man; thoughtful and always busy. As soon as he left school he set about learning how to look after his father's land by working with the farm-workers. The people loved him dearly because while he was happily working and learning, he was also helping them.

After several years Jeremy knew all the things that were necessary to run the estate and just as important, he knew how to treat the people who worked for his father.

One evening Jeremy's father said to him, "Jeremy, in a fortnight's time you will be twenty-one years old and I would like to know what you would like as a present on this very special day."

Jeremy knew exactly what he wanted. "Father," he said, "the best birthday present would be for me to see all the people, who work so hard for us, gathered together and all looking happy and cheerful. I would like a birthday party to which they could all come."

"That's a very good idea," said his father. "You shall have your wish."

The day that Jeremy was twenty-one was a bright sunny summer day and in the afternoon lots of tables were laid out in the garden and places set for everyone.

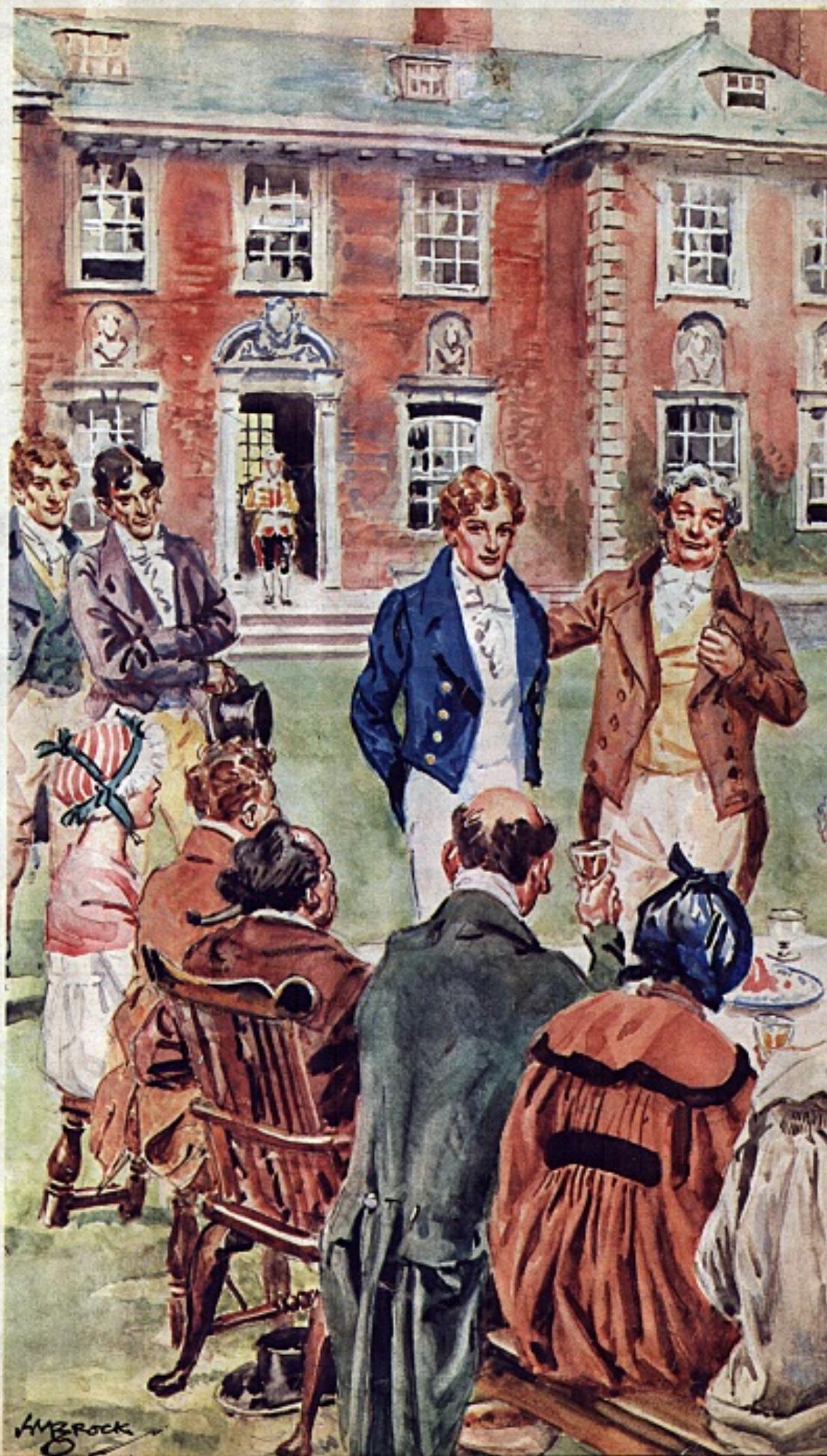
By six o'clock all the guests had arrived and were sitting down to a splendid dinner.

When they had finished eating, Jeremy's father stood up and made a little speech and then he asked Jeremy to stand up beside him while all the happy folk drank a toast to him.

Later that evening when Jeremy and his father and mother were sitting round the fire talking, Jeremy's father gave him another birthday present.

As he handed Jeremy one hundred pounds he said, "This is because you didn't ask for a birthday present that only you could enjoy. You have made me very proud of you. Many happy returns of the day."

And Jeremy was pleased because he had made his father and mother happy.



BIRTHDAY PARTY



ALADDIN and his Wonderful Lamp



1. When Aladdin's mother wiped the lamp that Aladdin had brought back from the underground cavern in the far-distant mountains, a huge genie appeared. "I am the genie of the Magic Lamp and I am your slave," he said in a deep voice. "What are your wishes?"



2. Aladdin's mother gulped but Aladdin soon plucked up courage. "It's a genie, mother," he said to her. "We've heard of genies before although we've never seen one. He's a kind of wizard. Ask him to bring us something to eat. I'm hungry." As he spoke the genie disappeared!



3. "Where's he gone?" asked Aladdin's mother, looking under the cushions and tables. Then before she could ask another question, there came a blinding flash of light and the genie re-appeared bearing the biggest tray of food Aladdin had ever seen in his life. All the dishes were gold and silver.



4. "Your wishes are my command," smiled the genie and there was something about his face that Aladdin liked, although his mother was still frightened. Again the genie disappeared and Aladdin stared hungrily at the tremendous meal the genie had brought them. Never before had he seen such rich food.



5. "Let us eat," said Aladdin. His mother looked round fearfully. "I don't like magic," she said. "I never want to see that genie again. You must put the lamp away and forget about it." Then would you believe it, she and Aladdin ate the whole of that wonderful meal!



6. Because Aladdin's mother was frightened of the Slave of the Lamp, Aladdin did as he was told and put away the lamp. They did not need the genie's help again because Aladdin began to sell the gold and silver dishes the genie had brought with the wonderful food.



7. The years passed and Aladdin grew up into a handsome young man. When all the gold and silver dishes were gone, he looked round for something else to sell. He remembered the beautiful jewelled fruits he had brought back from the underground cavern and sold some of them. They fetched a great price.



Beautiful Paintings

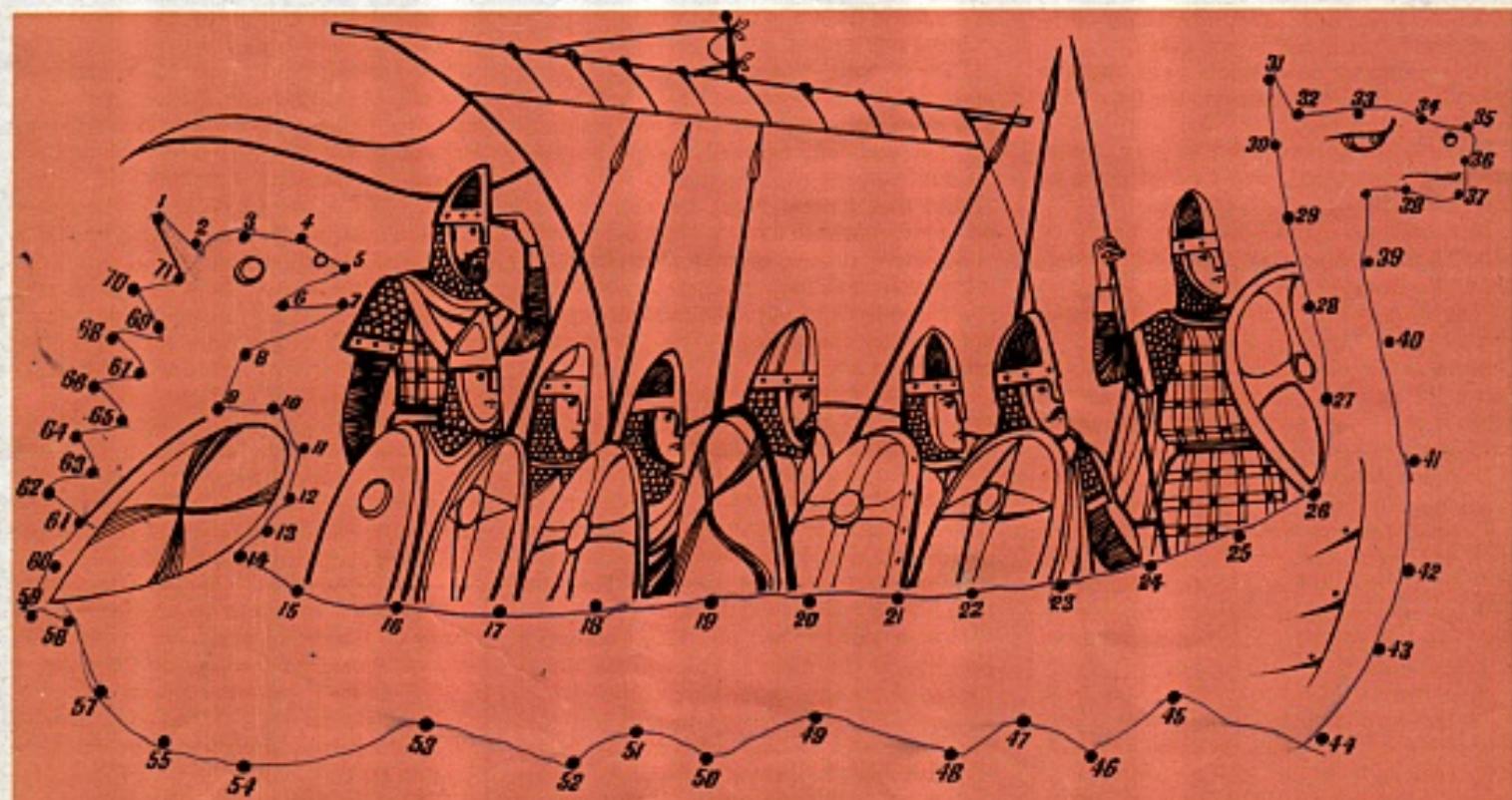
Across the seas in Eastern Europe lies the great country of Poland. Her soldiers have always been well-known for their great courage. This picture of a Polish trumpeter of a hundred and fifty years ago was painted by the well-known French painter, Theodore Gericault (say "Jerry-ko").

(By permission of the Glasgow Art Gallery. Reproduced from the Ganymed print by permission of Ganymed Press.)

THE NORMANS COME TO ENGLAND

900 years ago — in the year 1066 to be exact — King Edward of England (called Edward the Confessor) died. He had promised his kingdom to his great friend Duke William of Normandy in France.

But after the king died, the English parliament elected a man named Harold Godwinson, a strong man who had really ruled England for King Edward. Duke William decided to fight Harold for the crown.



Duke William's army crossed in a fleet of nearly 700 ships. If you take a pencil and join the dots from No.1 to No.71 you can see what his ship looked like. Duke William defeated King Harold at Hastings and became King of England.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week the Town Mouse goes to the theatre.

by Barbara Hayes.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One lived in the town and one lived in the country. This week I am going to tell you a story about the town mouse.

Now the town mouse's name was Stephanie, but that was a secret. Stephanie told everyone that her name was Steve.

"Stephanie is such an old fashioned sort of name," she used to say to herself, "I don't know what mummy was thinking about when she gave me a name like that. Why, it's more suitable for my dowdy cousin who lives in the country, than it is for a smart mouse-about-town like me. Now, Steve is a really smart name." So Steve she was called.

Isn't it strange how people never seem to like the names their parents give them? Do you like your name?

Anyway, to go on with the story, Steve, the town mouse, was very fond of going to the theatre.

Not that she liked plays very much, or ballet or opera either, but that didn't matter. When Steve was at the theatre, the stage and the actors were some of the last things she ever looked at.

When Steve was at the theatre she would spend all her time looking round at the other people in the audience and especially at her friends.

She was looking to see what they were wearing.

"I see Isabel is wearing the same dress that she wore last month," Steve would whisper to her boy-friend Nigel. "Poor thing! I suppose she cannot afford another new dress yet. That means she can't have as much money as I have, doesn't it?"

And then — "Oh, do look what a freak Tina looks in that green dress! It's a new one of course, but fancy choosing a dress in that colour. It would look nice on me of course, but for a mouse of her age to try to wear that pretty green is just ridiculous."

Steve's eyes would go all round the theatre seeing if her friends were wearing new dresses or not or if they had any nice new jewellery

or not or even if they had new boy-friends or not.

If Steve decided that *she herself* had the newest, prettiest dress and the handsomest boy-friend in the whole theatre, then she went home happy and thought that she had had a wonderful time.

But if someone else had a prettier dress or their boy-friend had bought them a bigger box of chocolates, then Steve felt gloomy and grumpy for days.

Well, one day Nigel, Steve's boy-friend invited her to come with him to the first night of a new opera that was being performed at the finest theatre in town.

Steve was thrilled.

"Thank you, Nigel," she said, "That is sweet of you to invite me. Why, I will have a new dress made and buy some new jewellery so that you will be really proud to take me out."

And that pleased Nigel, because he liked being seen out with a really smart lady friend.

So Steve ordered a new dress from the dressmaker and was looking forward to a really lovely night out, when something very unfortunate happened. The dressmaker sprained her ankle!

And that meant that the dressmaker took ages to do her every-day work, like washing and dressing and shopping and cooking — and that meant that she couldn't get on very quickly with Steve's dress.

The dressmaker didn't dare to tell Steve, because she would have been so disappointed, but the dressmaker did tell Tiny Tom, the little boy who lived next door.

Now it so happened that Tiny Tom was a page-boy at the theatre. You can see him at the top of the steps in the big picture.

Tiny Tom went to the theatre and told the others who worked there that Steve and Nigel wouldn't be coming to the opera.

"Steve's dress isn't going to be ready in time," he said. "And you know what Steve is like. If she can't come wearing a new dress, she won't come at all."

Well, when Patty the programme-seller and

Dick the Doorman and even Fred, who played the fiddle on the pavement, heard this, they were quite upset.

You see Nigel and Steve believed in having a good time themselves, but they liked to see other people having a good time as well and they were very generous in giving tips.

So Tiny Tom and Patty and Dick the Doorman and Fred the fiddler went round to the dressmaker's home and did her shopping and cleaning and cooking, so that she could spend all her time working on Steve's dress.

And when the great day arrived, Steve's dress was ready. And Steve and Nigel were able to dress up and go to the theatre and really enjoy themselves.

"Hallo there, Fred," said Nigel, dropping some coins into Fred's tin mug. "Go and buy yourself a nice warm dinner. I don't like to think of you out in the cold while we are having a good time in the theatre."

Then Nigel saluted Dick the Doorman and gave him something towards buying a new pair of warm boots.

Then up the steps they went and slipped Tiny Tom half-a-crown to take good care of their coats and they gave Patty the programme-seller enough for two boxes of chocolates — one for Steve and one for Patty herself.

So Steve had a wonderful evening without ever knowing that she owed it to Tom and Patty and Dick and Fred, but that is the way of the world — and Tom and Patty and Dick were happy. Next week I will tell you another story about the country mouse.

Here are the questions about the lovely story on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if you were correct.

1. What was the name of the young man?
2. What birthday present did the young man ask for?
3. Where did they have the party?
4. Was the sun shining?
5. What extra present did the father give his son?



GREAT PUPPET THEATRE



PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet.

Pinocchio is a little boy puppet who is made of wood; but he can walk and talk just like all boys. Since he was made by his master Geppetto, Pinocchio has become very thoughtless and mischievous. Now, however, he has promised Geppetto to mend his ways and go to school.

Geppetto has no money and so he sells his jacket so that he can buy a spelling-book for Pinocchio.

As soon as it had stopped snowing Pinocchio set out for school with his fine Spelling-book under his arm. As he went along he began to imagine a thousand things in his little brain, and to build a thousand castles in the air, one more beautiful than the other.

And talking to himself he said: "To-day at school I will learn to read at once; then to-morrow I will begin to write, and the day after to-morrow to do sums. Then with all I have learned I will earn a great deal of money, and with the first money I have in my pocket I will buy for my papa a beautiful new cloth coat. But what am I saying? Cloth, indeed! It shall be all made of gold and silver, and it shall have diamond buttons. That poor man really deserves it; for to buy me books and have me taught he has remained in his shirt sleeves. And in this cold! It is only fathers who are so kind and thoughtful."

Whilst he was saying this with

tears running down his cheeks, he thought that he heard music in the distance that sounded like trumpets and the beating of a big drum; ta-ra-ra, zum, zum, zum.

He stopped and listened.

"What can that music be? What a pity that I have to go to school, or else . . ."

And he stood still, unable to make up his mind. Should he go to school or should he go after the trumpets?

"To-day I will go and hear the trumpets and to-morrow I will go to school," finally decided the young rascal, shrugging his shoulders.

The more he ran the nearer came the sounds of the trumpets and the beating of the big drum; ta-ra-ra, zum, zum, zum.

At last he found himself in the middle of a square quite full of people, who were all crowding round a building made of wood and canvas.

"What is that building?" asked Pinocchio, turning to a little boy.

"Read the sign up there and then you will know."

"I would read it willingly, but it so happens that to-day I don't know how to read."

"Bravo, blockhead! Then I will read it to you. The writing on that sign is:

"GREAT PUPPET THEATRE"

"A puppet show!" exclaimed Pinocchio excitedly. "How splendid. Has it begun yet?"

"It is beginning now."

"How much does it cost to go in?"

"Twopence."

Pinocchio, who was jumping with excitement, lost all control of himself, and without any shame he said to the boy to whom he was talking:

"Would you lend me twopence until to-morrow?"

"I would if I could," said the other, "but it so happens that to-day my pockets are empty."

"I will sell you my jacket for twopence," the puppet then said to him.

"Your jacket is too small for me," replied the boy.

"Will you buy my shoes?" asked Pinocchio.

"They are too big for me," said the boy.

Pinocchio was on the point of making another offer, but he had not the courage. He thought for a few moments. At last he said:

"Will you give me twopence for this new Spelling-book?"

"I am a boy and I don't buy from boys," replied the boy, who had much more sense than Pinocchio.

"I will buy the Spelling-book for two-pence," called out a hawker of old clothes, who had been listening to the conversation.

And this book was sold there and then. And to think that poor Geppetto had remained at home trembling with cold in his shirt sleeves, that he might buy his son a Spelling-book!

Pinocchio paid over his two pennies to enter the puppet show. The curtain was drawn up, and the play had already begun.

On stage two puppets called Harlequin and Punchinello were quarrelling with each other, and threatening every moment to come to blows.

The audience, all attention, laughed till their sides ached as they listened to the puppets shouting and raging at each other.

All at once Harlequin stopped short and turning to the public he pointed with his hand to some one far down in the pit, and exclaimed:

"Good gracious me! Do I dream, or am I awake? But surely that is Pinocchio! . . ."

"It is indeed Pinocchio!" cried Punchinello.

"It is indeed himself!" screamed a Clown peeping from behind the scenes.

"It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!" shouted lots of puppets in chorus, leaping from all sides on to stage. "It is Pinocchio! It is our brother Pinocchio! Long live Pinocchio! . . ."

"Pinocchio, come up here to me," cried Harlequin, "and throw yourself into the arms of your wooden brothers!"

At this affectionate invitation Pinocchio sprang upon stage.

The embraces, the hugs, the kisses and the friendly pinches, that Pinocchio received from the excited crowd of puppets beat description.

The sight was doubtless an exciting one, but the public in the pit, finding that the play was stopped, became important, and began to shout:

"We want the play — go on with the play!"

It was all breath thrown away. The puppets, instead of continuing the play redoubled their noise and outcries, and putting Pinocchio on their shoulders they carried him in triumph before the footlights.

At that moment out came the showman. He was very big, and so ugly that the sight of him was enough to frighten anyone. His beard was as black as ink, and so long that it reached from his chin to the ground.

At his unexpected appearance there was a profound silence: no one dared to breathe. A fly might have been heard in the stillness. The poor puppets of both sexes trembled like so many leaves.

"Why have you come to cause trouble in my theatre?" asked the showman of Pinocchio.

"Believe me, sir, it was not my fault..." replied Pinocchio.

"That is enough! I will speak to you later."

As soon as the play was over the showman went into the kitchen where a fine leg of mutton, preparing for his supper, was cooking slowly in front of the fire. As there was not enough wood to finish roasting it, he called Harlequin and Punchinello, and said to them:

"Bring that puppet here. It seems to me that he is made of very dry wood, and I am sure that if he was thrown on the fire he would make a beautiful blaze."

At first Harlequin and Punchinello hesitated; but, frightened by a severe glance from their master, they obeyed. In a short time they returned to the kitchen carrying poor Pinocchio, who was wriggling like an eel taken out of water, and screaming desperately: "Papa! papa! Save me! Save me from this terrible man."

The showman Fire-eater — for that was his name — looked, indeed, a terrible man, especially with his black beard that covered his chest and legs like an apron. On the whole, however, he had not a bad heart. In proof of this, when he saw poor Pinocchio brought before him, struggling and screaming, he was quite moved and felt very sorry for him. He tried to hold out, but after a little he could stand it no longer and he sneezed violently. When he heard the sneeze, Harlequin, who up to that moment had been weeping, became quite cheerful, and leaning towards Pinocchio he whispered to him softly:

"Good news, brother. The showman has sneezed, and that is a sign that he pitied you, and so you are saved."

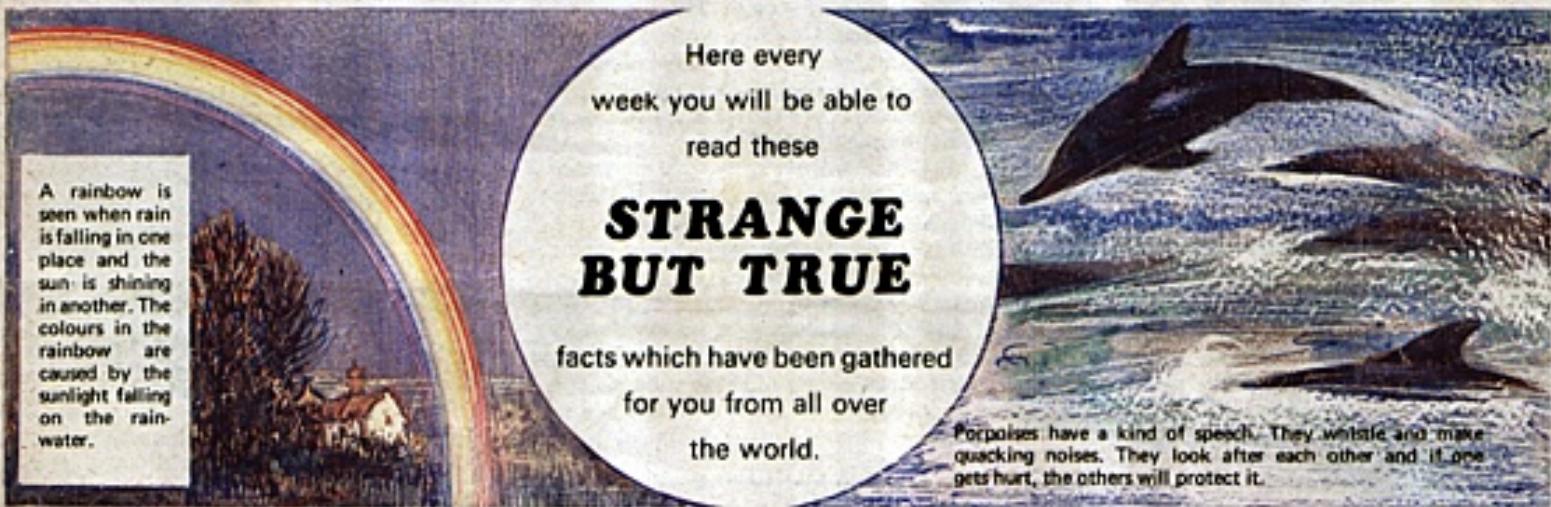
More adventures with Pinocchio next week.



Remains of a school four thousands years old were discovered seventy five years ago, at Babylon, which was the capital of an ancient Eastern country. Clay tablets which the children used, were found on the floor of the building.



A rainbow is seen when rain is falling in one place and the sun is shining in another. The colours in the rainbow are caused by the sunlight falling on the rain-water.



Porpoises have a kind of speech. They whistle and make quacking noises. They look after each other and if one gets hurt, the others will protect it.

Horses such as cart-horses and police-horses must have iron shoes, because of the hard roads on which they have to walk. In the wild, horses do not need shoes, as their horny hooves are very hard.



Paper is mainly made from pine trees. The trees are cut into logs and then broken down by giant rollers into tiny pieces, and mixed with water. The pulp is pressed out into sheets and dried.

